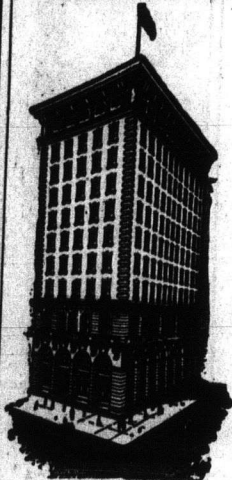


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he answered, "that's it. I'm sweet-hearting."

There was a chorus of good-humored laughter at this. They thought he was joking, all but the girl; she knew better, but she did not mean to spare him.

"Then you must go away from here," she said. "We won't ask her name; but, like as not, she'd prefer that you should spend your time with her. When you're married and want to get away from her nagging, you may come back."

The men laughed, they thought it was a good joke.

"Shan't I give you the song?" Bob asked, humbly.

"No, thank you," the girl answered. "Steve is going to sing with me."

"Steve!"

He looked at his partner and smiled.

when he held the girl he loved in them, and tried to think she was there still.

About midnight Steve came in. Bob opened his eyes and looked at him. Something about his footstep had struck him as unusual; generally it was light, now it dragged; his face, too, was colorless, and in his boyish eyes there were tears.

Bob rose slowly and went to him. "Anything wrong, Steve?" he asked, laying his great hand upon his partner's shoulder with a touch gentle as a woman's.

Steve dropped his face upon his hands. "She won't have me," he said. "I asked her to-night; she had been so kind, singing with me, walking a little way with me; I thought it meant that I might speak. She must have known that I loved her."

It was little they slept that night, and



Georges Carpentier, the famous French pugilist, and Lieutenant Navarre, the "Fokker killer" who has just brought down his sixteenth German warplane. The airmen are standing in front of Navarre's machine, and it will be noted that the Lieutenant has tied around his neck, his talisman, a lady's silk stocking. Lieut. Navarre is a popular idol and favorite, the bringing down of sixteen German aces being quite a record for one aviator. He is familiarly known as the "Fokker killer," the nickname being quite a distinction. Carpentier is now a trained aviator and skillful pilot, and can manoeuvre his machine in the air as well as any other pilot in the flying corps.

Steve had a voice about as melodious as the jay-bird.

"Then I am not wanted?"

All the men looked at Mariposas, waiting for her to speak. They thought in some way Bob had offended.

"No," she said, "not here. Good night, Bob; give my love to your sweetheart."

He went out slowly, and back to his hut. He could not understand how he had offended the girl—what made her treat him so. It never crossed his mind that it might simply be wilfulness. Once or twice he sang his little love song over to himself; then he closed his eyes, folded his arms as they had been folded

"And she refused you?"

"Yes."

"Try again; perhaps she wants you to try again."

"No," she says her heart is not her's to give."

"Does she?"

Bob went cold, and pale, too. He wondered who it could be that she loved; there was none worthier than Steve.

"If it had been you," Steve went on, "I could have borne it; but see how she treated you to-night. I shall go away from here, Bob."

"And I, Steve."